

SERVICE
AT THE
Dedication
OF THE
ELIZABETH CHAPEL.
AT THE
RETREAT FOR THE INSANE,
HARTFORD,
DECEMBER 23, 1875.



HARTFORD:
THE CASE, LOCKWOOD & BRAINARD CO.
1876.



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SERVICE.

Anthem. Psalm 84.

"O, how amiable are Thy dwellings, Thou Lord of Hosts."

Scripture Lessons.

By REV. WILLIAM THOMPSON, D.D.

1 Kings, viii ch., v. 22, 23, 27-30.

Hebrews, x ch., v. 19-25.

Rev. xxi ch., v. 10, 22-27.

Apostles' Creed.

I Believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth.

And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord ; Who was Conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary, Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried ; He descended into Hell ; The third day He rose from the dead ; He ascended into Heaven ; And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty ; From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I Believe in the Holy Ghost ; the Holy Catholic Church ; The communion of Saints ; The forgiveness of sins ; The resurrection of the body ; And the life everlasting. Amen.

The Lord be with you ;

Ans. And with thy spirit.

Prayers.

By Rev. MATSON MEIER SMITH, D. D.

Minister. Let us pray.

O Lord, show Thy mercy upon us.

Answer. And grant us Thy salvation.

Minister. O God, make clean our hearts within us.

Answer. And take not Thy Holy Spirit from us.

OUR Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation ; But deliver us from evil : For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. AMEN.

O GOD, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed ; Give unto Thy servants that peace, which the world can not give ; that our hearts may be set to obey Thy commandments, and also that by Thee, we, being defended from the fear of our enemies, may pass our time in rest and quietness ; through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour. AMEN.

O LORD, our heavenly Father, by whose Almighty power we have been preserved this day ; by Thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night ; for the love of Thy only Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. AMEN.

DIRECT us, O Lord, in all our doings, with Thy most gracious favor, and further us with Thy continual help ; that in all our works begun, continued, and ended in Thee, we may glorify Thy holy name ; and finally, by Thy mercy, obtain everlasting life ; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. AMEN.

Gloria in Excelsis.

Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.

O Lord, the only begotten Son, Jesus Christ ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.

For Thou only art holy ; Thou only art the Lord ; Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. *Amen.*

Acceptance.

By the President, WILLIAM R. CONE.

In behalf of the Board of Directors of the Retreat, I would state that Dr. GURDON W. RUSSELL, an honored citizen of Hartford, who for a long series of years has been familiar with the workings of our institution and fully appreciated the results accomplished through its charitable and benevolent mission, and who, as one of its directors and for years a medical visitor, has known full well its poverty and its wants, has erected this beautiful structure as a memorial offering for the purposes of a Chapel, in which the public religious services of the Retreat are hereafter to be conducted ; the only condition appended to this munificent gift being that its use shall be confined to the religious services to be held here. It is to be called and known as the ELIZABETH CHAPEL, a name suggestive of the many joys and happy days, as also the anxieties and sorrows, which cluster about it, and which find some alleviation, we trust, in so appropriate a memorial to her memory and virtues.

In the spirit of a true and Christian liberality this Chapel has been erected ; and with its organ, chancel, and other furniture, and all that is required to adapt it to the religious purposes to which it is to be dedicated, has been presented to the institution. In behalf of the public, to whom the Retreat belongs, the Directors have accepted the gift, with many thanks to the donor, hoping and believing that here many an overwrought and weary patient will find that comfort and consolation in their sorrows and sufferings which the religious services to be conducted here are so eminently calculated to give.

The Elizabeth Chapel is fully completed and paid for by Dr. Russell, its cost being somewhat more than \$14,000. It is now presented for its dedication.

Dedication.

By Rev. WILLIAM THOMPSON, D. D.

In accordance with immemorial usage, sanctioned by the divine word and agreeable to devout sentiment, this house of worship, named "ELIZABETH CHAPEL," is now solemnly set apart to the worship of Almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Let respect for the wishes of the munificent donor and the fitness of things guard this edifice while it stands against all unhallowed and secular uses!

And may the Lord Jesus Christ ever be present here to give beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness!

Dr. THOMPSON also said :

Additional words of my own are cheerfully waived that we may hear what the venerable Dr. SAMUEL SPRING consents to say at this joyful solemnity. At the age of eighty-two, he now thus speaks to us for the last time.

Note.

By Rev. SAMUEL SPRING, D. D.

A past chaplain of the Retreat asks the privilege of addressing its directors, officers, patients, and friends, in a few words of congratulation. When, after their captivity in Babylon, the Jews had returned in some numbers to their chief city and rejoiced in its restoration and the rebuilding of their beloved temple, some of the old men among them wept when they remembered its departed glory. They were constrained to mingle tears with their exultations, not that they loved what was left to them less, but that they loved what they had for ever lost more.

To-day our remembrances are in striking contrast to theirs. We cherish a fond memory of the old chapel where we daily worshiped and weekly kept holy-day. We reverence the past and are moved to tears when we think of it. Very pleasant were the hours spent in that plain and unpretending place of our devotions. There we trust we found Him whom our souls sought. . . . Is it, then, surprising, that while we congratulate the directors, officers, and friends of the Retreat on this convenient and tasteful addition to their opportunities for worship, our thoughts linger pleasantly among those less inviting benches, pulpit, and melodeon of 1863-8? . . . But while we have tender remembrances of the past, we would not repress our exultation over that which generosity and skill have provided for the future. Your chapel, your multiplied conveniences and decorations, your improvements on every side, would make us believe that by-gone days had little or no glory, by reason of the glory that excelleth.

It was my privilege to serve as chaplain of this institution in 1863 and onwards for six years, walking, at a humble distance, in the steps of the revered Gallaudet and Hooker, kindly and efficiently assisted by the equally beloved and revered superintendent of that day, whose administration was not the less regal because it was the government of love as well as authority.

And now that the sacred memories of the past, and the warm affections and faithful efforts of the living, hover over this endeared institution, we have only to desire that its march of improvement may still be onward, and that the bounty of its benefactors may be recompensed in its increasing prosperity and usefulness, while a favoring Providence shall watch over all its interests.

With respect and affection,

SAMUEL SPRING,

late Chaplain.

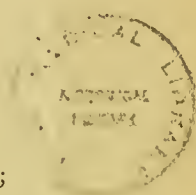
Psalm C.

With one consent let all the earth
 To God their cheerful voices raise ;
 Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
 And sing before Him songs of praise :

Convinced that He is God alone,
 From whom both we and all proceed ;
 We whom He chooses for His own,
 The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

O enter then His temple gate,
 Thence to His courts devoutly press ;
 And still your grateful hymns repeat,
 And still His name with praises bless.

For He's the Lord, supremely good,
 His mercy is for ever sure ;
 His truth, which always firmly stood,
 To endless ages shall endure.



Address.

By Rev. MATSON MEIER SMITH, D. D.

Those who have seen that exquisite picture known in the Dresden Gallery as Correggio's "Nacht," will perhaps remember how wonderfully the light streams from the infant Jesus, so that while the whole place of the nativity is illumined with the softest radiance, the adoring spectators are compelled to shade the eye when they look upon the babe.

The Light that is in this world comes from Him. That Birth in our human flesh those centuries ago was the signal for the brooding shadows and clouds of human woe to lift themselves and disperse. He was the Bright and Morning Star.

And I regard it a most happy coincidence that the day appointed for our present service falls at a season wherein Christendom is preparing with hymns of joy to celebrate His coming.

Among the legends of the Christmas tide is that familiar one concerning him who desired to see the King and at last beheld Him,—but knew Him not until he found the weight of the Child upon his shoulders, a load beneath which his giant limbs tottered and his strength was well-nigh spent. Christ Bearer was he thenceforth. Like unto that Christ-child weight,—ever increasing in tremendous pressure, so that we stagger and are faint,—yet ever strangely ministering strength still to bear up through floods, and firmness to stand upon the slippery stones,—is that burden wherein Christ has placed Himself upon His chosen church, in words declaring that what is done unto the least of his human brethren in suffering is done to Him. We are confounded sometimes when, apart from this aspect, we contemplate the sorrows we are called to face and alleviate. And sometimes even they are found who call themselves Christians who turn away from the sight and from the work, and bury themselves in their own affairs,—building their own houses, bearing their own

burdens, finding their own pleasures,—and are content concerning the woe to cry “O Lord, how long!”

But remember we that in carrying the sorrows of the human brotherhood, we carry Him who was made man and who identifies manhood with Himself,—that if we stoop to lift only a cup of cold water to the lips athirst, we give Him to drink,—and our Christian philosophy concerning Earth’s sorrows, and our Christian cheerfulness in helping to lift the load, will be all-sufficient for our need and tireless in the service. The perpetual presence among us of those to be helped and comforted, even unto the end of ages, is a perpetual sacrament,—“an outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual grace.” It is “ordained by Christ Himself.” It is “means whereby we receive great benefit.” It is pledge of the Greater Presence, ever real, ever most manifest.

The divinest proof of the divine origin and divine vitality of our holy religion, I sometimes think, lies here. The signs which were to follow those that believed were signs of God’s hand ameliorating human conditions. Let it be understood that the deepest Christian truth, the one underlying all creed and all dogma—all ordinance and prescription, is this, viz: God’s love goes out after man, so that there is no sorrow nor need for which this love does not care, nor any of manhood so depressed or so lost as that this love does not seek it out and will not find it; not a human head the hairs of which are not numbered, nor a heart to which the word of cheer is not spoken. And to this truth,—divine, visibly divine to every intuition,—human hearts will answer, and beneath it warm with new life and ripen into beauty, as the grape clusters are empurpled in their shelter beneath the genial sun.

And I venture to think it a most hopeful sign of the Christian conflict in the present century, that among Protestant Christians the strife concerning words and formulas is waning, and shibboleths are being forgotten, while the watch-word in all the camps, and the battle-cry on every field are one and the same, “Christus Consolator.”

Do I not speak the sentiment of this entire and select

assembly, dear friends, when I say that there are few expressions of that Christian charity whose inspiration comes from the Christ-child more beautiful, more touching, and more effective than is this which has erected the Elizabeth Chapel,—a sacred memorial,—and given it for the comfort and help along their way of brothers and sisters, to whose keen and sensitive natures the simple services of prayer and praise, and word and sacrament, amid appropriate surroundings, gently appealing to sense and spirit, must ever be source of enjoyment and means of spiritual strength?

Christian love esteems the companionship of sufferers God's choicest gift entrusted. And the more this Christian love comes into contact with this companionship—secluded as is so much of it from the busy ways of life—the more does it appear, and never more gracefully than in those whose interests gather us here this afternoon,—how, as one has sweetly said, telling of a little fern leaf traced in the stone,—

“ . . . God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us, the last day.”

More worthy the enlightened Christian sentiment an erection like this,—commemorating one who hath put on the undying strength and life, by a monument bringing spiritual consolation to the troubled until the night shall be spent and the day shall break, than any mere cenotaph in cemetery however costly and whatever its word to the passing stranger,—more worthy even than such mausoleum as that one far famed for its surpassing chasteness, erected by the royal husband of the Queen Louisa to her sweet and precious memory, at Charlottenburg, near the imperial city of Germany.

I am strictly charged by him who has the right to express his wish to-day, that I avoid expressions of undue warmth. But I will be “neither let nor hindered”—so as not to say this: that among the many charities of Hartford, no single one evinces more delicate appreciation of the Saviour's life in some of its tenderest and most memorable manifestations, nor is there one more worthy the high plaudits of Christian

mulation than this one—so rare and beautiful—the munificent gift of “the beloved physician.”

Surely there are other “works which God hath prepared” for some of us “to walk in.”

There are enlargements and improvements greatly to be desired within the circle of this Home Retreat for Invalids, whereby much might be accomplished for their comfort and restoration to health which under existing restrictions can scarcely be attempted. There are other hospitals, infirmaries, dispensaries, refuges, needed in our city. Why will not some large-hearted man do something for the Hartford Orphan Asylum? What a good thing would be a Hospital for Suffering Children! What a haven of rest after the troublesome seas of life might be provided for poor old men!

Friends, our cherished fellow-citizen, our dear Dr. RUSSELL, has with charming modesty and most affectionate devotion performed a service in the erection of this Elizabeth Chapel, for the good of man and to the glory of God, upon which he will look back with thankful satisfaction from the immortal felicity.

Are there not others to whom it may be given to discern their like opportunity,—in the golden moment of this life,—to honor the Divine Lord and Master, and to achieve a crown which may be cast among so many crowns one day before His throne?

Prayer.

By Rev. N. J. BURTON, D. D.

Most glorious God, the heaven is Thy throne and the earth is Thy footstool; what house, then, can be builded for Thee, or where is the place of Thy rest? Yet blessed be Thy name, O Lord God, that it hath pleased Thee to have Thy habitation among the sons of men, and to dwell in the midst of the assembly of the saints upon the earth! And now especially we render thanks unto Thy holy name that it hath

pleased Thee to put it into the heart of Thy servant here present to erect in this place a house for Thy worship. We thank Thee for Thy grace, which has inclined him to contribute of his substance for the glory of Thy name; and we beseech Thee to grant Thy blessing for evermore upon this his pious work.

Our Father who art in Heaven, we acknowledge that we are not worthy to offer unto Thee anything belonging unto us, yet we beseech Thee in Thy great goodness graciously to accept the dedication of this place to Thy service which we have this day made; receive the prayers and intercessions of all those Thy servants who shall call upon Thee in this house; and give them grace to prepare their hearts to serve Thee with reverence and godly fear; affect them with a due apprehension of Thy divine majesty and a deep sense of their own unworthiness, that so approaching Thy sanctuary with lowliness and devotion, and coming before Thee with clean thoughts and pure hearts, with bodies undefiled, and minds sanctified, they may always perform a service acceptable to Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Grant, O Lord, that by Thy Holy Word which shall be read and preached in this place, and by Thy Holy Spirit grafting it inwardly in the heart, the hearers thereof may both perceive and know what things they ought to do, and may have power and strength to perform the same.

Grant, O Lord, that whosoever shall here give Thee thanks for the benefits which they have received at Thy hands, set forth Thy most worthy praise, and confess their sins unto Thee, may do it with such steadiness of faith and with such seriousness, affection, and devotion of mind, that Thou mayest accept their bounden duty and service, and vouchsafe to give whatever in Thy infinite wisdom thou shalt see to be most expedient for them.

Grant, O Lord, that whosoever shall enter this sanctuary in any way afflicted or distressed in mind, body, or estate, may draw near unto Thee in true repentance and faith, and, being filled with Thy grace and heavenly benediction, may obtain remission of their sins, consolation for their sorrows,

and all other benefits of Christ's precious work in behalf of the children of men.

Now, therefore, arise O Lord and come unto this place of Thy rest, Thou and the ark of Thy strength. Let Thine eye be open toward this house day and night, and may it be preserved for many generations to Thine own glory and the blessing of Thy people. And grant, we beseech Thee, that here and elsewhere, Thy ministers may be clothed with righteousness, and Thy saints rejoice in Thy salvation. And may we all, with Thy people everywhere, grow up into a holy temple in the Lord, and be at last received into the glorious temple above; the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. And to the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit, be praise and glory, world without end. AMEN.

Hymn.

Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep.
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Collects with Benediction.

By Rev. THOMAS R. PYNCHON, D. D.

BLESSED be Thy name, O Lord God, for that it hath pleased Thee to have Thy habitation among the sons of men, and to dwell in the midst of the assembly of the saints upon the earth ; bless, we beseech Thee, the religious performance of this day, and grant that in this place, now set apart to Thy service, Thy holy name may be worshiped in truth and purity through all generations ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN.

O ALMIGHTY God, who hast knit together thine elect in one communion and fellowship, in the mystical body of Thy Son, Christ our Lord ; grant us grace so to follow Thy blessed Saints in all virtuous and godly living, that we may come to those unspeakable joys, which Thou hast prepared for those who unfeignedly love Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN.

THE peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of His Son Jesus Christ our Lord ; and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost be amongst you, and remain with you always. AMEN.



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